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FANTASTIC FOUR
UNTHINKABLE
PART 3
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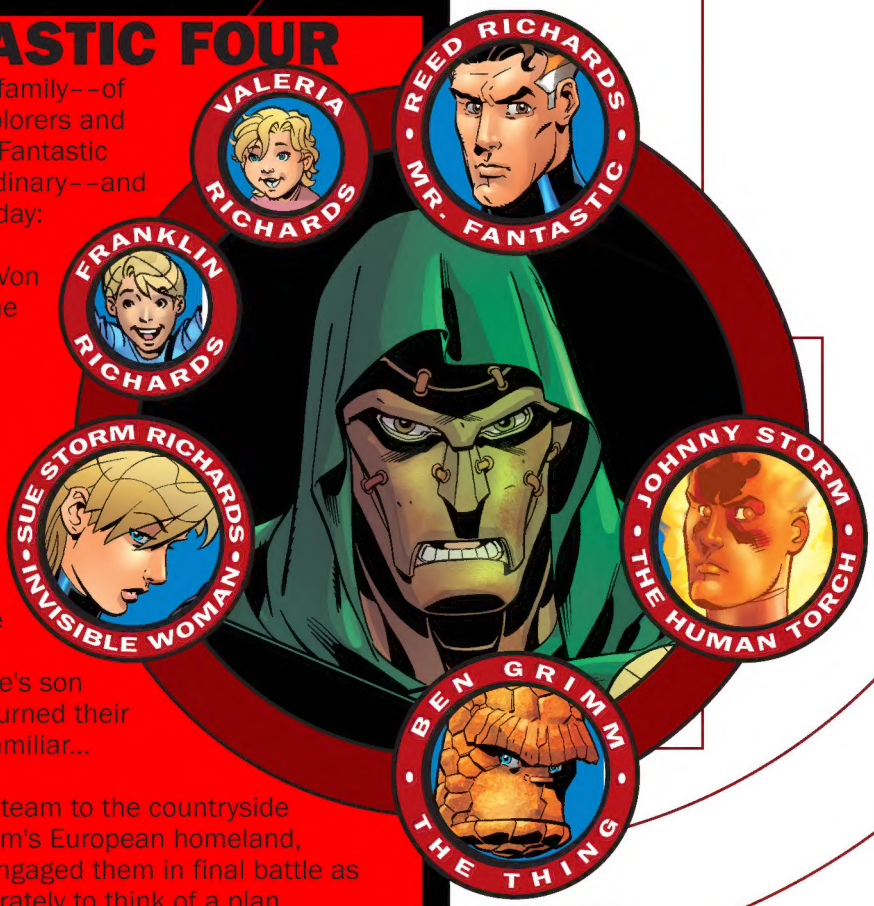
THE FANTASTIC FOUR

1 A team--and a family--of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary--and extraordinary. As of today:

2 Scientist Victor Von Doom, one of the Fantastic Four's oldest foes, has abandoned his technological prowess for the study and mastery of witchcraft...

3 ...with which he has captured Earth's supreme sorcerer, Dr. Strange... banished Reed and Sue's son Franklin to Hell itself, turned their daughter Val into his familiar...

4 ...and lured the team to the countryside of Latveria, Doom's European homeland, where he has engaged them in final battle as Reed scrambles desperately to think of a plan.



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STAN LEE PRESENTS

"UNTHINKABLE"

part three

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Ben, move Val to safety. Take her far away, and fast.
Whaddaya got?

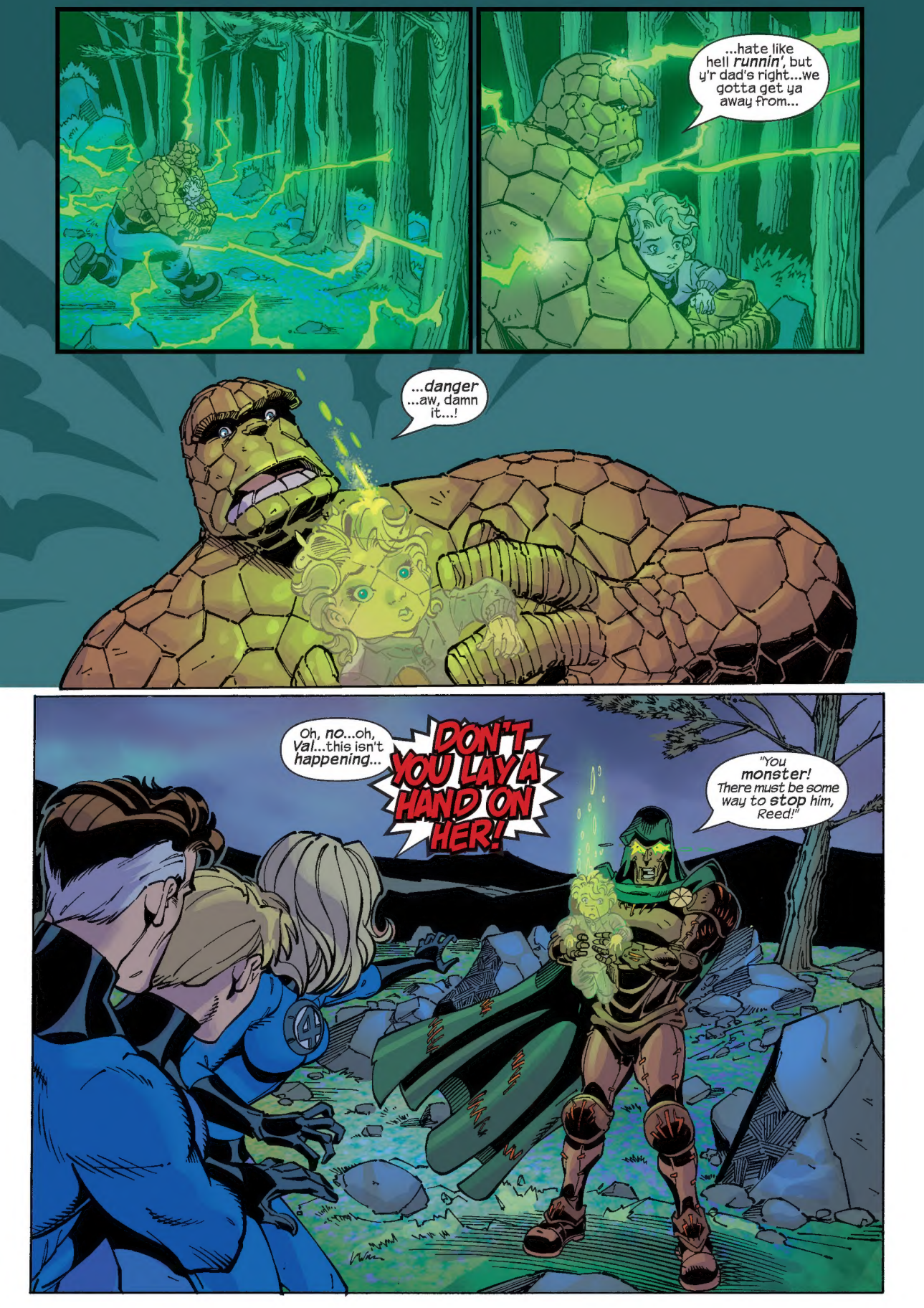
I don't care what type of power Doom's using. You can call it magic if you like-- it still has to come from somewhere.
Block th' source.
Exactly. An electromagnetic pulse set to the proper frequency will interrupt every form of energy I know of short of gravity--
--and demolish any circuitry he's got concealed beneath that new armor.
You think he's hidin' gadgets in there?
I would be.
Go.

GO!
Good timing, Reed! My force-fields are holding like wet paper!
And I can't crank the *fahrenheit* up all the way! Didn't Ben say something about Judge Doom here repealing the local laws of science?

Are you breathing *air*? Can you hear *sound*? Then science still *operates*, all right?
It just has to *try* harder.
AAAAHH!
Pour it on, Johnny. Don't you dare let up.
Not until he gives me my *son* back.

Oh, good God...
Reed! What is that?
It's a makeshift EMP generator. So much for Victor's dismissal of technolog--
Sue, what's he talking about?
Reed, no! You're seeing what Doom wants you to see!
LOOK!
He's faking. Doom's faking.
And yet, my disappointment in your brother-in-law is genuine. Leopards and their spots...you remain a silicon relic in a post-electronic world, Richards.
My world.
SHHP
Jonathan was correct. You might as well have been shining a flashlight. You honestly thought you could render me powerless?
SHLPP
SHLLPP
FPP

This...
...is powerless.
Pitiful minds shackled by quantum dogma.
Our game has new rules. I have embraced a reality you're incapable of comprehending, Richards...beyond numbers, beyond theorems...
NNGGH!!
The world I see is a harmonious symphony of inter-connectivity.
A global latticework of energy breathtaking in its splendor.
It's beautiful.


...hate like hell *runnin'*, but y'r dad's right...we gotta get ya away from...
...*danger* ...aw, damn it...!
Oh, *no*...oh, *Val*...this isn't *happening*...
DON'T YOU LAY A HAND ON HER!
"You **monster**! There must be some way to **stop** him, Reed!"

This might work.
KRAK
SNAP!
Well, Richards?
RRREEEEEKKK
Any more bright ideas?

...
Fight.
Just *fight.*
Man, y'r ugly.
An' that's comin' from *me.*
Remarkably strong, aren't they, Valeria? I located them in a neighboring dimension... like your Uncle Benjamin, sentient only by the *basest* of definitions.
They are Mindless Ones. They exist only to destroy. I could not ask for better warriors.
GNAUUHHH!
Everybody back off an' leave this t'--
Y'r just jealous 'cause *they* know when ta *shut* up...
HNNNGGH!

Acknowledge my superiority. Surrender.
Go to hell.
Women and children first.
FRANKLIN!
Know when you're beaten, Richards. Surrender.
What am I saying? You've too much pride for that. Unless...
Very well. Surrender, and I will release your child.
On that, you have the solemn word of Doom, who always honors his promises. You know this.
Reed, no! We c'n ba AAULUGH!
We c'n b-beat 'im...we gotta ANFFH!

No, you cannot.
Those are my terms. You really have no choice but to acquiesce.
Unless, of course, the legendary "genius" of Reed Richards can concoct some plan to extract victory from this.
I...I...
All Right!
All right. We surrender.

Very well.
Bargain upheld.
DADDDYYYYYY!
No.
No no no no...

DOOM'S STRONGHOLD.
Hmmm.
Only two?
Well...it's only been an afternoon...
There, there. Hush. I know. It wasn't really fair of me to steal the others' powers, was it?
I've given them back, you know--

NYAAAAH!
AAAAH... AAAAAAH...!
--in my way.
It's fascinating to see the results.
I imagine, for example, your mother's in even more pain than your uncle.
...mmm... mmuuhhh...
She'd love to hold you, I'm sure...
...but I wouldn't recommend it.

And as for your father...
Please, Victor. For the love of God, please stop hurting my family.
This is between you and me. It always has been. Please.
I'll do anything you want.
That much is true.
...
This room... why am I here, Victor?
Because I'm a better man than you.
"Mr. Fantastic." That you chose that name for yourself says it all.
Your problem, Richards, is your unquenchable vanity.
You are the center of your universe. In your unmitigated arrogance, you carry around an eternal sense of entitlement that is wholly undeserved...
...and yet, so fundamental to your sense of self that you're constantly willing to put everyone around you at risk to attain whatever goals strike your fancy.
And the sad truth is, that arrogance is a mask. While it is intended to be a symbol of strength, in reality, it hides a fundamental--and profoundly well-deserved--insecurity regarding your allegedly superior intelligence.

All the glamour and excitement that is the Fantastic Four exists--has always existed--solely to remind others that you think you're smarter than everyone else.
Well, you're *not.*
Why are you there? In that room?
Because before I appoint myself the emperor of this undeserving mudball, my sense of honor compels me to grant you a chance you would never grant me.
In there are all the tools you require to learn what I already know about magic and sorcery.
I will be honest. This is only slightly more fair than handing a roadmap to a lost dog, and I have every confidence that this opportunity will make you no more worthy an opponent than you are now.
Whatever future you have in this world is an exercise in abject humiliation...but after all this time, I am entitled to my entertainment.
This door can be opened by an enchantment a four-year-old could learn. Whenever you think you're ready to face me, come find me. Take your time.
Though were it my child burning in the fires of Hell...

"...I'd hurry."

SKKT
He knows.
That's why he put me in here. He knows.

HE KNOWS THAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS!
Franklin... all of you... I'm sorry. I can't save you.
I'm not smart enough.
TO BE CONCLUDED